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YOUR DATE WITH YMELDA

The Evening Was Framed With Gilt

By YMELDA DIXON
Star Special Writer

"They say we look like flower children wearing these bou-tonnieres, Mr. Ripley," said Chief Justice Warren, chancellor of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution, at the opening ceremonies of the National Portrait Gallery Saturday night.

"Let's not fuzz it up," replied Dillon Ripley, secretary of the Smithsonian, "the rosettes we are wearing are copies of the emblem of the second Lincoln inaugural — we are not evidencing any flower-power."

Some guests congregated in the atrium of the Portrait Gallery and its sister institution, the National Collection of Fine Arts, thought the banners decorating the walls looked like McCarthy flower emblems, but, they turned out to be the insignia of the Smithsonian.

The Chief Justice, who opens the court today, was smiling and imperturbable as he marched to the stage accom-

panied by Secretary Ripley and Mayor Walter Washington. On stage was Mrs. Warren, wearing an exceedingly becoming, buoyant, shimmering, black evening gown, "fairly new, I don't like new dresses—I let them hang in the closet a while," said the wife of the Chief Justice. With her was Mrs. Walter Washington in bright blue.

Preceding the opening, there had been a rash of as chic dinners as have ever been assembled in this world capital.

Mrs. Joseph Alsop's guests included the Peregrine Pollen; Ambassador and Mrs. Vasco Garin, newly returned from the inaugural of the new president of Panama; Alistaire Cooke, and Ben Sonnenberg.

Mrs. David Acheson had recently divorced CIA chief Richard Helms and attractive Mrs. Cynthia McKelvie, and artist William Draper and Mrs. Draper among her dinner guests. Mr. Draper's copy of

his own painting of JFK was the object of much interest at the reception and tour of the gallery that followed the ceremonies.

Mrs. Ray Atherton had at dinner, Mrs. Paul Moore, wife of the Suffragan Bishop of Washington; Director of the National Gallery and Mrs. John Walker; the Dean Achesons and Wilmarth S. Lewis. Mrs. Fontaine Broun entertained the British Ambassador and Lady Dean who must have been comparing our gallery with that of their National Portrait Gallery.

The Joseph Charyks were hosts to the Ambassador of Romania and Mrs. and Mrs. Webb Hayes II. The Hayes had loaned a portrait of Mr. Hayes' great-grandfather, President Rutherford B. Hayes. A bar was placed near the portrait of the husband of "Lemonade Lucy" as Mrs. Hayes was called for refusing to serve strong drink in the White House.

It was as VIP a list at the elegant old patent building as has ever assembled under one roof and included the Allen Dulles; Princess Alice Longworth, who swept in regally wearing a fur wrap to shield her against the October cold; the John Hechingers; Mrs. Peter Strauss and her mother, Mrs. Arthur Hayes Sulzberger of the New York Times publishing family; Mr. and Mrs. Dore Schachtel the Ambassador of Belgium, Baron Scheyven, and the Otto Fuebringers of Time-Life, who had been dinner guests of the Leonard Marks.

Secretary and Mrs. Ripley's dinner guests in the Granite Gallery of the National Collection, included the Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren; John Nicholas Brown, Chairman of the National Portrait Gallery Commission from Providence, Rhode Island; Donna Julia Brambilla; Dr. Charles Nagel, Director of the Gallery, and Mrs. Nagel; Dr. David W. Scott, Director of the National Collection and Mrs. Scott; and Mrs. Robert VanRoijen,

Chairman of the Ladies Committee of the Smithsonian Associates; Mrs. Catherine Drinker Bowen, historian and member of the Smithsonian Commission; and Mrs. Robert Kintner, wife of the former presidential aide.

It was a night for the beautiful people to turn out in their most star-spangled clothes ranging from the covered evening look to one young woman wearing a black net see-through tunic, bared underneath with black chiffon pants.

On the third floor a jazz band blared forth mod music while the young and young-in-heart, some costumed in Civil War costumes, danced the night away.

Prima Donna

Swedish Wagnerian prima donna, Birgit Nilsson, came on from her triumph at Constitution Hall yesterday to receive a royal welcome from fans at the reception in her honor which Swedish Ambassador and Mrs. de Besches gave after the concert.

Miss Nilsson, a long-time friend of the hosts and of many of the guests, showed the same warmth in the receiving line that she had demonstrated earlier in song. "It was," she said, "like being at home to be in the Swedish embassy."

Miss Nilsson could have added that it was also very much like being at the concert hall for most of the 200 or so guests had followed her from there.

Former postmaster general Edward Day was telling the Hilalys that the baseball tickets he won at the benefit for Jimmy Symington last week had really cost him — he and Mrs. Day had to fly out to St. Louis to use them.

If some hostesses at the myriads of dinners Saturday night wondered why guests there were not hungry, I can explain: The food abstainers had been to the reception at the Kuwait embassy given by Ambassador and Mrs. Al-Ghoussein.

The buffet was so magnificent that many made no pretense of just nibbling as is usually done at parties at hours of six until eight, but took plates, started with the excellent pate and ate their way through many varieties of dishes to the whole roast of lamb and pastries and strawberries the size of small pears. "I am not," said one woman "going on and risk having beef stroganoff for the third time this week when I can have this."

A Novel Night

Go to bed early, take lots of vitamins and get your flu shots if you expect to survive this week. Friday night alone is enough to curl your hair: The Leslie Carpenters have the most novel night planned, "A salute to Bess and Tyler Abell" (the new chief of protocol). Liz and Les are having "a real cozy, real live down East clambake on the shores of the Potomac Friday, at Thompson's Boat Center, and they have asked guests to come in time to see lobster king, Bill Foster, prepare the pit.

Friday also is the Jerome Meyers cocktail-supper for March Avery at the Meyers' home in Potomac; the military review of the Inter-American Board at Ft. McNair, and the after-theater party to be given by Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie Gordon in their art-filled Georgetown home for Delfore Peralta's outstanding troupe of strolling players direct from Madrid, Spain.

Spanish Time

Speaking of sunny Spain, Kenneth Crosby, the Merrill, Lynch man here, used to be the Merrill, Lynch man in Madrid so it was only natural that at his party for Monetary Fund people last week the emphasis was on Spain.

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